

I *HYMNS* *OF AST R ^*
A.

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**HYMN XX. Of
the Passions of her
Heart.**

E XAMINE not th' Inscrutable Heart,
L ight Muse ! of Her, though She in
part
I mpart It to the subject!
S earch not! although from heaven
thou art 1
A nd this a heavenly object.
B ut since She hath a heart, we know
E ver some Passions thence do flow,
T hough ever ruled with honour.
H er judgement reigns! They wait
beioWj,
A nd fix their eyes upon her !
R ectified so, they, in their
kind, E ncrease each virtue of
her Mind, G overned with
mild tranquihty. I n all the
regions under heaven, N o
State doth bear itself so even,
A nd with so sweet facility.

**HYMN XXI. Of the
innumerable Virtues of her
Mind.**

E RE thou proceed in these sweet
pains? L earn Muse! how many drops
it rains I n cold and moist
December! S um up May flowers !
and August's grains! A nd grapes of
mild September!

B ear the sea's sand in Memory!
E arth's grasses! and the stars in
sky 1 T he little moats, which
mounted H ang in the beams of
PHOEBUS' eye, A nd never can be
counted !

R ecount these numbers,
numberless, E re thou, her
virtue canst express ! G reat
wits, this count will cumber ! I
nstruct thyself in numbering
schools 1 N ow Courtiers use to
beg for fools; A ll such as
cannot number.